

# A DEFENCE for the Ladies:

OR,

*The Virtues of the Broad Brim'd Hat,*

AN ANSWER to the

## HOOP'D PETTICOATS.

**W**HEN Rebellious Usurpation,  
First took Footing in the Nation,  
The broad-brim'd Hats I do declare,  
Were made for many Virtues rare.

The first that wore them, I suppose,  
Was one who chanc'd to loose his Nose;  
As many now a Days you'll see,  
Who wear a Nose of Boxen Tree,  
Among which Number, Pockey Beaux  
Are rank'd for want of Bridge and Nose:  
The Hooked one 'twill likewise hide,  
If that the Bridge to high does Ride.  
Not to reflect on one that's gone,  
Such was in Fashion, last Reign but one.  
The Bottle Nose it hides most sure,  
Each faulty Nose here finds a Cure.

The second Virtue hence does come,  
Tis a sure Cure for Cuckoldom;  
For it will hide the budding Horns  
Of Harts, or Deers, or Unicorns:  
Nay, should they spread nine Yards a sunder,  
You here might safely whip them under,  
And hide of them each Branch or Sprigg,  
Each blooming Bough, or budding Twigg.

The third Virtue does hence arise,  
'Twill serve to hide the squinting Eyes:  
The Canting Oliverian Cast,  
Who talk again the Crown so fast,  
Who speak against the Mitre's good,  
Who Glory in their Prince's Blood.  
May by it skreen their Face for Shame,  
If to them Martyr'd CHARLES you Name.  
Or should you Chance to loose an Eye,  
If you a Glazen one do buy,  
Pull but your Hat a little over,  
Your Mistress cannot it discover.

The fourth Virtue next you'll hear,  
'Twill serve to shade the perjur'd Ear,  
Of Oliverian P—b—r.

The Pillory hereby's conceal'd;  
And the Loll Ears lye unreveal'd.

The fifth Virtue, I'll tell you now,  
The bashful and audacious Brow,  
By it is shelter'd, you know how:  
So each his Mistress may Address,  
If Squeezed on but more or less;  
Such Alteration Hats do make,  
A Baboon for a Man you'd take.

The sixth Virtue, I'll plainly tell,  
It is the Quakers good Steeple,  
Who need now to no other go,  
Since Brim a Doom does clearly show;  
The Crown's a Pyramide I say,  
Where Tea and Nay, may safely Pray.

The seventh Virtue I'll now unfold,  
'Twill hide Gray Hairs when thou art old:  
The Widdower's Peak by its conceal'd;  
By it the youthful Virgins yield;  
And the bald head is closely cover'd,  
False Wiggs may here lye undiscover'd.

But the Eighth Virtue don't disdain,  
Since good Umbrella's keep out Rain:  
And sure no better you can get,  
For to keep out all sorts of wet,  
Excepting that, wet Quakers find,  
Who oft are drunk by moving Mind.

The Ninth Virtue I here do sing,  
'Twill save a Cloak for Poor Robin;  
Since e'ery one who does it wear,  
Is esteem'd an Honest P—b—r.  
It does the Tubb as well become  
As did the Cloak of Forty one.

The tenth Virtue I'll here relate,  
'Twill hide the Jolt-head Copped Pate;  
Put but your Hat a little over,  
There's none that can those Faults discover.  
Thus you may for a Council pass,  
Without the Sense of Baalam's Ass.

The eleventh Virtue pray now scan,  
'Twill hide crackt Sculls, and Silver Pan;  
For should your Head by Chance be broke,  
By genteel Cane, or Royal Oak;  
I'm sure it need not once appear,  
Tho' it be broke below the Ear.

Now the twelfth Virtue mind full well,  
The bloofft cheak'd Face, there's none can tell,  
The envious Brow, the spiteful Face,  
The Meager frowning all one Grace,  
The malicious too, ironically-Shades;  
Fit for those Times when Virtue fades.

The thirteenth Virtue, I'll tell you here,  
'Twill hide the R which shou'd appear,  
So that a Rogue no Man can know,  
Tho' you shou'd burn him e'er so low;  
Then sure more Virtues hence do float,  
Than from the Hooped Petticoat.

F I N I S.